

Canibus Lyrics

"Anagram Phoenix"

You don't know what's next
Generation X gotta prep
Only for those who can see it
The iPhone is an anagram for the phoenix

I'm a woodwind instrument repairman
Dashing, handsome and daring, the Tuskegee airman
Reduce my ground-speed to give the underground what they need
If they don't know what to believe
Then I don't know what to tell 'em
Bliss, ignorance is a weapon
Illusions in the middle of the desert
We all in a sanctuary city, I stand corrected
It's all connected, take an alter exit
Move on to the next shit
Jichrome, can't tour late night on the phone
'Cause you don't live alone
1 on 1 with Angela Yee
Bacon, eggs and cheese
Lowered torso, legs and feet
Hip hop's first Elon Musk
Iron lungs with guts
Take it back to the rewind button
He was born as a baby in a manger in crystalline light chambers
They called him a microphone mangler
Developed as a unit, before it's one love it's one music
His sound gave shape to the future
Guess what? the natty dread can't stand the feds
He eat banana bread livin' off grit in the tent
Present crisis PR expert
Music box moves network
Where they trade net worth for wetwork
YouTube: Canibus search, skip over the battle
I been rappin since Eve took a bite out the apple
The Book of Eli transformed my mind and designed
The Paul Thomas Anderson storyline
The expression: "Reason without rhyme"
Clearly comes to mind
That's why I rarely dumb it down sometimes
It's an accelerated positive feedback loop:
Uses Mars system surveillance: I need that, too!
The bulk data transfer from the West-Indian black panther
Search the universe for answers!

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What's comin down the pipeline next?

The iPhone anagram for the phoenix makes sense

Hip Hop robotics with upgraded optics
My wardrum mounted on the wall where I found it
Mad-dog maddis mathematics
Please read the caption:
Binoculars read your lips from the rafters
Thanos, cook mean on that drum machine
Take it back to the 20,000 man street team
Baby-boomers from the future wearing some faded ass booms
With an old school gold-plated ruger
"How many times did they shoot ya?"
What the fuck kinda question is that, who's the interviewer?
Hydrogen powered limited edition Eddie Bauer
Gold-colored clouds spark electricity showers
When I beam down and rap
I yellow tape that
My Man my Mellow won't even say that
I lift up my praise and make the rain fall sideways
Resurrect Hip Hop from the grave
The third-eye brigade, the blockchain bars on a cage
Call out the pressure on the gauge
Extraction in a half hour, put some man-trousers over them skinny jeans
We need man power!
Step into my office, excuse the faint smell of nail polish
I'm water-proofing my electronics
Right, I got things to go bump in the night
Fight? I throw you in the trunk space with no light
Front-right and center a jeeda chrome taste test us
Now you can't feel your face, nigga

The iphone IS an anagram for the phoenix
Soon to be seen by all the believers
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